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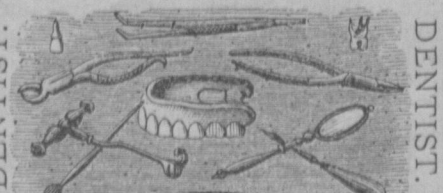
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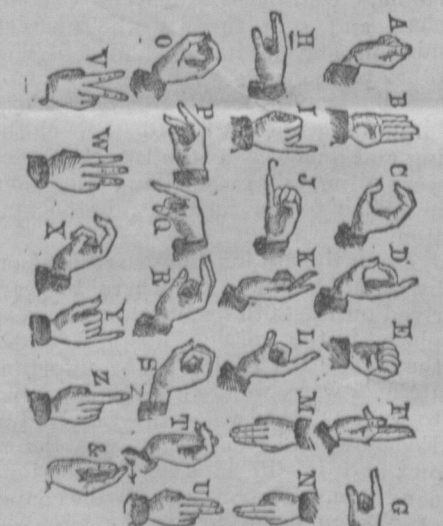
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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

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NUMBER 27.

## POETRY.

### TEACHING THE TEACHER.

BY OLYVETTE ELLIS.

The sun thro' the school-house window  
Streamed down over desk and seat,  
Like an airy, golden stairway  
To be traveled by angels' feet;  
And the roguish lads and lassies,  
As by two and two they sat,  
Were playing the quaint "Bean porridge"  
With its "pit-a-pat—pat—pat—pat."

But one with home-grown garments,  
And never a ribbon band,  
With a face like a fair, wild flower,  
Fresh-blown, from the Maker's hand,  
Sat apart in the light of the window  
Where the sunbeams slanted down,  
Lighting with tender radiance  
Her curls of chestnut-brown.

The hazel eyes of the teacher  
Dwelt long on the sweet, young face;  
Then he crossed to where she was sitting;  
And said, with tact and grace—  
"Can you teach me the old game, Mary,  
The others are playing now?  
I used to play it years ago;  
I have quite forgotten how."

"O yes," she said "I know it  
Just as well as I can be—  
First with the right hand, then the left,  
Like this—and thus—you see."  
While the little hands uplifted,  
Dimpled, brown and fat,  
Against the teacher's soft, white palms  
Went "pit-a-pat—pat—pat—pat."

He proved so apt a pupil  
The lesson was quickly taught;  
Meanwhile he learned another,  
With more importance fraught,  
For down the sunbeam stair-way  
Came an angel form, anon,  
And changed his heart of pity  
Into love, and crowned his queen.

Thro' the afternoon recitals  
He almost dreamily sat,  
For his heart kept up the rhythm  
Of "pit-a-pat—pat—pat—pat—pat."  
But when the term was ended,  
Not among the list was read  
Her name as winning premium  
For "leaving off at the head."

But the prize for "good behavior"  
Was won by the orphan girl:  
She rose, and from her forehead  
Brushed back a clustering curl,  
And said "Please give the Bible  
To little Johnny Grant;  
I'm sure he would have won it,  
But sickness kept him out."

He did not miss a lesson,  
Nor break a single rule,  
Nor speak without permission,  
When e'er he came to school;  
And I have a Bible, that mother  
Gave me on her dying bed,  
Well-worn, 'tis true, for every day,  
Since then it has been read."

So the prize of a bright new Bible,  
In azure velvet bound,  
With silver clasp bedecked with pearl,  
In Johnny's hand was found.  
And the teacher sat in the school-room  
Till the stars began to rise,  
Wondering if she would as freely give  
To him a coveted prize.

That eve, in the old red farm-house,  
Where she led her servant life,  
He sought and won the promise  
That gave him a Christian wife.  
'Twas long ago, but he often says,  
To the grandchild on his knee,  
"The noblest lessons of my life  
My pupil taught to me."

## STORE TELLER.

### CAPTAIN JACK BALLAST'S YARN.

My story? Well, I don't see why I  
should not scratch it down. There's  
nothing to be ashamed of in it, so far  
as I know, and, though your regular  
story writers mayn't call it "romantic,"  
I think the wind sets that way myself;  
and there's lots of love in it, too,  
though you'd never think I was an ob-  
ject for a love story to look at me.

I'm old 'nough, d'ye see, to feel safe  
about the draft, and brown enough to  
be a Hottentot; and as for flesh—well,  
no matter; some of you slim young  
dandies will be as stout as I if you  
live as long. Beside, that fracas at  
Gibraltar didn't improve my looks.  
I'll tell you about that before the story  
is over, I reckon; at present I'd better  
have ahead.

Fat as I am and old as I am, there  
was a time when I was as slender as  
a young fellow as ever shipped afore the  
mast again his parents' leave. They,  
Lord bless 'em! wanted to make a  
counter jumper of me, and I tried  
measuring rags about a year. Then  
I could not stand it any longer, and  
jumped the old counter for good, and  
cut and went to sea. I'd had a hank-  
ering for it for a good while, and the  
only thing I ever regretted was the  
way my poor mother took it to heart.

Wait a bit. Honor bright, there was  
one thing.

There was Jenny Blush, old Blush's  
only daughter, and the prettiest girl  
I ever cast eyes on. Her skin was  
just as soft and fair as any baby's.  
As for her hair, I've got a bit in my  
old desk up stairs; and though it's  
crossed the ocean about a dozen times  
it's so bright now you'd take it for a  
gold chain coiled down under the bit  
of blue ribbon it's tied with.

Old Blush was my captain ashore.  
I mean to say, he was the head of the

big dry goods store where they first  
set me to measuring rags; and Jenny  
used to come over every day after rib-  
bons and calico and the like; and  
Lord love ye! I don't find fault with  
women folks looking after such things,  
tho' it didn't seem a man's place to  
sell 'em. She looked mighty pretty  
when she put 'em on, Jenny did.  
Father and old Blush were fast friends,  
and when they found out that I was  
sweet on Jenny, they put their heads  
together and resolved to sanction the  
match. I was to be taken into part-  
nership, d'ye see, and was to step in-  
to the rag business when the old man  
stepped out. "Dry Goods Wholesale  
and Retail" was on the sign, but I al-  
ways called 'em rags.

Well, Jenny and I were fond of  
each other, and knew it already; so,  
the old folks being agreeable, we saw  
a good deal of each other, Sundays  
and evenings, to say nothing of the  
errands she made to the store. And  
I used to wish I could make up my  
mind to it and stay ashore; but I  
could not if I died for it. I heard the  
waves beating about my bed in dreams.  
I hated the cloth, yard and the scis-  
sors so that they made me ill. And  
one night I told Jenny so. She cried  
a bit; but by-and-by she owned that  
she didn't hate me for it, and we talked  
of the time when I should be a  
captain, and she could make every  
voyage with me, and have a cabin like  
a parlor to herself.

Then she let me kiss her. P'r'ps  
she kissed me back; and I cut off the  
yellow curl I told you of with a pair  
of scissors—the only pleasant job I  
ever had with the confounded things  
in all my life.

That night I ran away, and, though  
I blubbered like a baby when I passed  
mother's door, you couldn't have coax-  
ed me back again. What a man wants  
to be he will be; and there are men  
meant from their cradles for the water  
asartin as the fish are.

I got a letter from old mammy that  
cut me up, I don't deny; but I knew  
she'd come round, and I didn't guess  
the worst—how should I? When it  
first came to me that a man that sold  
rags was better than a sailor it took  
my breath away. This was when I  
first went home, d'ye see! Mammy  
she scolded and cried and kissed me;  
but Margaret, Melinda, and brother  
Charles Augustus pitched into me  
ferocious. Says they: "You've dis-  
graced your family—we have been  
respectable genteel folks all our lives  
and now we're to have a common sail-  
or for a brother." I caught it—  
a regular gale; and father put in his  
regarding disobedience. When that  
came I cleared out and marched over  
to old Blush's. Nobody was at home  
but Jenny, and she ran into my arms.  
Well, we were billin' and cooin', as  
sweethearts mostly do, I reckon, when  
old Blush came home to tea. I never  
heard a gale of wind roar louder than  
he did when he saw me.

"What do you want here, sir?" says  
he.

Says I, "Don't you recollect me,  
Mr. Blush? I'm Jack Ballast."  
Says he, "I recollect you well enough,  
and how dare you show your face  
here?"

Says I, "I come to see my Jenny."  
"Your Jenny?" says he. "My good  
fellow, Miss Jenny Blush is no match  
for a common sailor before the mast;  
and whatever there may have been be-  
tween you when you were entitled to  
my respect, it is all over now. You  
have your choice of quietly walking  
out yourself or of being kicked out."

Any one but Jenny's father would  
have been floored for that. I just  
looked up and down and saw my fists  
shut up of themselves, and tried to  
keep 'em so.

Says I, as cool as I could, "I don't  
mean to be before the mast all my  
life, sir. I expect to be a captain  
some day."

"And," says old Blush, "a man with  
no advantage, brought up to the sea,  
might boast o' that; but you might  
have been a partner in our firm, sir.  
You might have been a gentleman,  
and had as good a business in the dry  
goods line as any man alive. And  
you have chosen to be a roving rascal.  
And I'd see my daughter in the  
grave before I would give her to you.  
Sam, show this person out."

This was the nigger just come  
aboard the parlor with his coal hod.  
And when he said that my fists were  
beyond my control, and the last I saw  
of old Blush he was on his back on  
the hearth rug. Then says I to the  
darkey, "Touch me if you want to, you  
rascal," and stalked out.

I saw Jenny on the sly the next day  
and tried to get her to run away; but  
the girl had a will of her own and  
knewed her duty.

She says, "I can't disobey my father,  
Jack, I love you dearly, and I'll never  
marry any one else; but it must be all  
over between us. I don't think pa  
would have relented even if you hadn't  
been so violent; but now he never will.  
You've done it yourself, Jack," she  
said, turning quite white and looking  
away from me. "You liked the sea  
best, and you have got it instead of  
me."

Those were the last words she said.  
I was going away, when I heard her  
give a little cry, and turning saw her  
arms stretched towards me; then I  
went back and folded her to my bosom,  
and kissed her a hundred times. And  
I'm afraid I cursed the hard old father  
from the bottom of my soul, though  
it wasn't aloud, for, mind me, a woman  
is a woman, and words good enough  
for other men's ears ain't to be spoken  
before her. The sight of Jenny as I  
left her, with her yellow hair blown  
back under the bare tree branches, all  
briny with icicles, haunted me for  
many a long day; and, though I loved  
the sea, there were times, when, look-  
ing over the side, I used to fancy a  
voice deep down in the waves whis-  
pering her words over again:

"You've done it, yourself, Jack; you  
liked the sea better than me, and you've  
got it."

It doesn't take long for the years to  
go by, either on the land or on the  
ocean. They went with me as with  
other folks. I got on well enough.  
Before I knew it I was first mate, then  
second mate, then captain. I suppose  
I should have sailed the sea until they  
buried me in it if it hadn't been for  
the first mate, Tom Hamlin. I loved  
that fellow as I might a brother, if I'd  
had a better one than Chas. Augustus.  
At Gibraltar Hamlin got into a row  
with some English soldiers. They'd  
all been drinking together; of course  
I took his part. They had fire-arms  
about them, and used them on each  
other. I didn't save Hamlin, for they  
shot him dead; but I got a couple of  
bullets in me, and was picked up just  
as near Davy Jones' locker as a man  
ever was who didn't go into it. I got  
well again and was on the invalid list;  
and as I had laid up a handful of money,  
and was past forty, I made up my  
mind to stay at home and take care of  
Tom Hamlin's orphan children. He  
had two of them, both girls. I settled  
down in New York and fetched them  
home, poor, half-starved creatures, for  
the woman they boarded with was given  
to drink, and kept them on bread  
and treacle; and as they told me I  
must, I put them in black frocks—  
they would have felt just as bad in  
red—and settled down to be comfort-  
able. Soon I looked out for a chap-  
lain to pass Sunday as it ought to be,  
and the Rev. Eben Tooker's church  
being handy I shipped him along with  
the girls, and as I always did my duty,  
never pretending not to see the plate  
when the steward shoved it up our  
pew. Rev. Eben Tooker was a social  
man. He used to drop in evenings  
and talk about my soul; and, though  
I can't say but what I dropped asleep  
sometimes, he knewed his duty when  
he did it. A captain's duty is one  
thing, and a chaplain's is another.

One day he spoke about poor Ham-  
lin's gals. Says he, "You send them  
to school, I hope." Says I, "I haven't  
done it—gals are better without learn-  
ing, if they can read their Bibles and  
cipher out the butcher's bill."

But he kept on, and pretty soon I  
let him examine them. Lord love ye,  
they hardly knew their letters. The  
schooling, as well as the board, had  
gone for gin.

"The poor heathen are scarcely more  
benighted," said our chaplain. He in-  
sists on my saying pastor, but t'other  
sounds the best.

"We must find an instructress for  
them, captain."

"Surely," said I—I wanted to do  
the best by Tom's children that I  
could—"surely; just mention a school-  
marm, captain."

Said he "my own are under the care  
of the person who plays the organ—  
a highly estimable lady in reduced  
circumstances. Her school is close  
by. No.—, Broome street."

So he wrote the name and address  
on a card, and I promised to take the  
girls there.

Monday morning we took sail. I  
bought 'em spelling-books and satch-  
els and slates, and by nine o'clock we  
were at the door. Then I looked for  
the card, and behold ye, I'd lost it!  
However, I was in port, and could hail  
the lady as "school-marm."

Betsy was wiping her eye, and Peg  
was bawling out that she wanted to  
go home. But, says I, "No, no, gals,  
I don't want you to grow up benighted  
as the heathen, and that's what the  
chaplain calls ye now."

So I lugged 'em in, and made my  
reverence.

"Duty, ma'am," says I; "here's two  
gals as needs instruction. Rev. Eben  
Tooker recommended ye to give it to  
'em, and whatever extra it is for play-  
in the organ let 'em earn it; for it's  
you that works it in the top loft o' Sun-  
day—you know how to do it. Capten  
Jack Ballast's at your service. Send  
your bills to him, and he'll foot 'em!"

I a'n't bold with women; I'm a bit  
bashful afore strange uns even yet.  
And I hadn't looked at her. But when  
I spoke out my name she gave a  
little scream and started back. Of  
course I couldn't help looking at her  
then, and she was sitting down with  
her handkerchief before her face.

Says I, "Beg pardon, are you ill,  
mum?"

Says she, still not looking up, "Did  
you say your name was Captain Bal-  
last?"

"Jack Ballast, at your service," said I.  
Says she, "Oh, Jack! don't you  
know me?"

Says I "Look up and I'll make sure."  
And she lifted up her face and I saw  
—well it wasn't the pink-cheeked girl  
I knew. It was a girl at all, but in  
a minute it was Jenny Blush again—  
a great deal more than I was young  
Jack Ballast.

"Jenny," says I, "oh, Jenny, is it  
really you?"

And then the color came back into  
her cheeks, and her eyes glittered, and  
she whispered, "oh, not before the  
school, Jack;" for I had caught her  
to my heart and kissed her.

We had not much time to palaver  
then, but I came for her again in the  
evening and took her for a walk. And  
she told me how the rag store had  
been shipwrecked, and old Blush drop-  
ped dead when he knew it. And how  
my brother Charles Augustus had  
offered her his hand, but she had said  
no, and preferred to earn her own liv-  
ing by marrying one she did not love  
while there was one living whom she  
did. And now it was fifteen years  
ago—fifteen years.

Then says I, "Jennie, darling, I love  
you better than ever, now I've found  
you again. When you told my brother  
there was some one living you loved,  
did you mean me?"

"Yes, Jack," said she.

Says I, "Now you've seen me—a  
weather-beaten, scarred old sailor—do  
you think the same?"

Says she, "I always shall Jack."

"Come on, then," says I. And not  
another word until we came to the  
Rev. Eben Tooker's. There I rang  
the bell.

Says she, "why have you brought me  
here, Jack?"

Says I, "To make the chaplain mar-  
ry us, my love."

Says she, "It's too sudden. I can't.  
What would people say?"

"No matter for the people," says I.  
And in we walked. And for all she  
told me no woman was ever married  
before in a delaine dress and straw  
bonnet, the chaplain didn't find it any  
obstacle, but spliced us. And so, af-  
ter nineteen years, I got my Jenny  
for my own.

I don't think she is sorry for it, and  
I know I ain't; and as for poor Tom's  
children, she's a mother to 'em. And  
whether there's any romance in my  
story or not, it's a happy one for me  
in the ending as sure as my name is  
Jack Ballast.

## A BOY'S TRIALS.

HARDSHIPS OF A FRIENDLESS YOUTH IN KAN-  
SAS—A TRIP FROM KANSAS TO NEW YORK  
CITY.

Theodore De Groat, a boy 15 years  
old, with another boy, was found fast  
asleep in a box on the pavement in  
New York. His companion proved to  
be a truant and was sent home. Young  
De Groat said when roused by the of-  
ficer, "Oh, please don't make me get  
up. I am very tired." He was taken  
before Justice Bixby, and said that he  
had no home nor father nor mother  
nor friends. His father died a year  
ago, his mother 13 years ago.

The magistrate took a great interest  
in the boy and counseled him to go to  
the Juvenile Asylum for a few days un-  
til the Society for the Prevention of  
Crultry to Children should be notified  
of his case and care for him. The lit-  
tle fellow was in doubt whether or not  
to follow the justice's advice, saying  
he thought he could get work some-  
where in the city. At last he consented  
to accompany a court officer to the  
asylum, on the justice promising to see  
that he was released in a week's time.  
He tells a story which, if true, proves  
that life for boys in Kansas is not all  
enjoyment. He said:

"I was sent in March last to Kansas  
by the Children's Aid Society and ap-  
prenticed to J. L. Thompson, a large  
stock farmer living about 25 miles from  
Topeka. He agreed to furnish me  
with clothes and food but I got no  
clothes and my food was bacon and  
bread. My master was a severe and  
ill-tempered man, and made me work  
very hard indeed. I arose at 6 o'clock  
in the morning and worked till 7 o'clock  
in the evening; very often until 8  
o'clock. I had to milk the cows and  
feed the horses, sheep and other ani-  
mals. I made up my mind to leave  
my master at the first opportunity. I  
had been there about six weeks, when  
one dark night I stole away unobserved,  
and set out walking along a post road  
to Topeka, 96 miles distant. My  
only food was some dry bacon and  
some crusts of bread, which a kind col-  
ored man had given me. I was three  
nights and two days making the jour-  
ney, walking by day and sleeping by  
night on the prairie. I arrived foot-  
sore at Topeka, and there became ac-  
quainted with an engineer on the Mis-  
souri, Kansas and Texas Railroad. He  
allowed me to ride on his engine on  
my promise to work my passage. The  
fireman had been taken ill, and I broke  
up the coal for the fire for the engine  
as well, and arrived at Adelia. I was

then introduced by my friend the en-  
gineer to another engineer. He  
changed me to a locomotive on the  
Missouri Pacific and St. Louis Railroad.  
From that line I was transferred to  
the Vandalia line as far as Annapolis,  
and thence went to Pittsburgh by the  
Pan Handle route. I worked in Pitts-  
burgh on the *Telegram*, and the editor  
of that paper became my friend. I  
was with the paper one month, when  
the editor got me a pass over part of  
the road to New York. I heard about  
boys walking in Gilmore's Garden, and  
thought there was an opening for me.  
I determined anyhow to see what I  
could do in this city. About my future  
I can't say anything. When I leave  
the asylum I hope to find work.

He is a well-spoken chap, of pleas-  
ing appearance, hopeful of the future,  
and modest in telling of his exploits in  
the past.

## RESCUED FROM BEARS.

A CHILD FALLS INTO A BEAR PIT—FEARFUL  
ENCOUNTER.

Montreal Witness, June 16.—It is  
well known among a certain class that  
"Joe Beef" has a bear pit under his  
canteen on Common street. It extends  
all along under the house and is reig-  
nered over by a big black bear weighing  
400 pounds. There are also a she  
bear and two comparatively young cubs,  
which Joe reckons among his domestic  
pets. Strangers frequently visit the  
place and are generally escorted to  
see the bears through a trap door in  
the floor. Yesterday afternoon a col-  
ored preacher was holding service in  
the "sitting room." Three American  
strangers came to visit the place, and  
the trap door was thrown open to  
show the bears.

While Joe went into the bar-room  
his little boy, six years old, went too  
near the edge and fell into the den.  
The old bears were in a dark corner,  
but one of the cubs at once ran to-  
wards the child, who had uttered a  
frightened scream. The cook lay down  
on the floor and reaching down caught  
the little fellow and raised him up.  
The she bear had heard the child's  
cries and with a growl rushed towards  
the trap door and seized the child just  
as he was being lifted up. The little  
fellow was in an instant dragged in-  
to the den, and encircled by the claws  
of the old she bear. Joe, hearing the  
noise which the fearful sight caused,  
came to the door and asked what was  
the matter.

Seeing his child, as it were in the  
jaws of death, he did not hesitate for  
a moment to think, but leaped from  
the floor into the pit, lighting on the  
head of one of the bears. He manag-  
ed by a frantic effort to tear the child  
from the savage monsters and threw  
him behind. In another instant he  
handed the little fellow up among the  
almost paralyzed spectators. The men  
around seemed so suddenly struck  
with terror that they could do noth-  
ing to help Joe, who had placed him-  
self in such imminent danger. The  
moment the child was out of the pit  
the she bear growled fiercely and  
sprang on Joe, who had no arms with  
which to defend himself.

The savage brute seized him by the  
right knee, throwing him on his back.  
Her teeth were driven fully an inch  
deep into his flesh. He was then com-  
pletely at the mercy of the animal,  
whose tameness had disappeared, it  
being enraged at having the child tak-  
en away. The men looking on still  
seemed powerless to help, though one  
of the visitors had a revolver in his  
pocket. Joe, however, did not lose  
his presence of mind, but seized a  
brick which lay near him, and struck  
the bear on the snout with all his  
might. The brute let go her hold and  
Joe quickly got on his feet. The old  
bear had not shown fight at all, but  
when Joe shouted, had slunk back to  
the dark corner.

The she bear now stood off, show-  
ing her teeth, but he continued to  
shout and she also went back. Joe  
was then rescued from the pit, his legs  
being covered with blood. The trous-  
ers which he had on were torn to  
shreds and his stockings were sat-  
urated with blood. The child had not  
been injured at all beyond a slight  
scratch on the head. Joe says that the  
she bear was always a contrary beast,  
and that when he trained her first he  
used to put her in a puncheon of wa-  
ter and push her head under with a  
broom, and when the cub was nearly  
drowned it would bite the broom. Joe  
refuses all medical attendance and ap-  
plies highwines to the bite, which con-  
tinues to bleed to-day.

—An inter-State tournament of  
Maine and Massachusetts pedestrians  
ended Saturday night, June 21st, the  
Maine team winning by twenty-three  
miles and fourteen laps.

—At a Chicago picnic June 21st a  
rifle company charged upon a crowd  
with fixed bayonets and afterwards  
fired several volleys into it, wounding  
several persons. Seventeen members  
of the company were locked up.

## THE WESTERN NEW YORK INSTI- TUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES.

THE THIRD YEAR'S WORK DRAWING TO A  
CLOSE—EXAMINATIONS, VISITATIONS, ETC.  
—THE PUPILS TO GO HOME SATURDAY.

[From the Rochester Democrat, June 19th.]

This institution, which is now lo-  
cated at 263 North St. Paul street—  
the buildings formerly occupied as a  
home for idle and truant children—  
will close the year's session on Friday,  
the 20th inst. The examinations, be-  
ginning on Monday, the 9th inst., clos-  
ed on Tuesday of this week. The ob-  
ject of these examinations (which were  
nearly all written) serve two purposes:  
that of determining the progress of  
the pupils and of testing the work of  
the teachers. The progress of the pu-  
pils, although necessarily slow, as one  
may easily imagine, is as readily deter-  
mined as that of the pupils in our pub-  
lic schools. These examinations do  
not cover a very wide range of sub-  
jects—articulation, language, arith-  
metic, geography, history, natural his-  
tory, etc., comprehend the most of the  
subjects taught. Judged by any rea-  
sonable standard, the examinations  
were as satisfactory as they were thor-  
ough. When we have said this we  
have said all that need be said con-  
cerning the work of the teachers; for  
in no other department of education is  
the pupil so dependent upon the teacher  
for everything he learns. The doors  
of knowledge are utterly closed to his  
unassisted mind. Those unacquainted  
with the deaf-mute can form no just  
appreciation of the work of the teach-  
er in one of these institutions. To say,  
therefore, that all have done their work  
well, is no small praise.

On Monday afternoon several of the  
trustees, Messrs. Perkins, Pond, Craig,  
Rider and Lattimore, and a number of  
other friends visited the school rooms,  
and looked over the buildings. A  
great deal of work has been done on  
or about the buildings that has great-  
ly improved their appearance. Al-  
though several things are still needed  
—notably a chapel and a chemical and  
a philosophical apparatus, still the  
school is quite comfortably situated,  
and with the present numbers in at-  
tendance, is well accommodated.  
Those who saw the buildings and  
grounds one year ago, would scarcely  
recognize them now. Still other im-  
provements are in contemplation that  
will be necessary in view of the in-  
creased numbers that are looked for at  
the beginning of the next school year.

Yesterday was set apart as an exhi-  
bition or visitation day. More than  
100 persons visited the different class  
rooms to witness the regular school  
work. The Kindergarten and the ar-  
ticulation room were thronged with  
visitors. To all unacquainted with  
what is being done for the deaf, that  
they are able to



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.00. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. 62 Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## THE DAY OF NATIONAL CELEBRATION.

The fourth of July is again at hand—the day which revives the patriotism of every true American—a day celebrated in the history of our country as the date of our national existence as a free and independent republic. The fourth of July, 1776, witnessed the birth of a Government proclaiming equal rights to all its people. One hundred and three years ago a band of heroic, brave patriots affixed their signatures to the parchment declaring the people of this country to be a free and independent nation. To the sturdy, self-sacrificing patriotism of the men and women of those years of privations and sufferings, through a kind Providence, are the people of this country in this day and generation indebted for their liberties and the untrammelled enjoyment of the unmeasured blessings with which we are surrounded. Patriotism and self-forgetfulness, for the greater good of the people, laid the corner-stone of this Government upon which the American people have built the most noble structure on the broad face of God's foot-stool. Our system of Government for and by the people is the wonder and envy of all nations. Our country is the asylum of the poor, the oppressed, and the stranger. Those who find tyranny too rank for them in their own native lands hie them to the "land of the free and the home of the brave," and seek protection under the shadow of our national flag.

Little did our forefathers look forward to the glorious future greatness of this republic. With the then scant population of this land, there was nothing to indicate the immensity of this now prosperous Union of forty millions of people. The great West was scarcely thought of, and the vast domain within the precincts of the present realms of our national Government was scarcely taken in by the prophetic vision of the founders of this nation. The vast domain peopled by Americans of the present day, if so much as thought of by the early settlers of this country, would have been looked upon as but an improbability if, indeed, not an impossibility. The noble men who declared the independence of the American people, and who adhered to their principles of a free Government by their baptism in perils and in blood, in all their loyalty and devotion to their country, and in their hopes and fears of its weal or woe, could scarcely conceive of the millions of happy people who this day pour forth their omissions of patriotism on this one hundred and third anniversary of American independence; and, amid all our enthusiasm and patriotism we should not forget the toils, privations, self-sacrifices and discomforts of the loyal heroes and heroines who endured perils and gave their lives for the securing of freedom for the oncoming generations of this now powerful and wealthy republic.

Well may we celebrate this anniversary of the declaration of independence by our revered forefathers. We have every reason to rejoice and make merry. Patriotism and loyalty must find vent for its pent-up gratitude. These fourth of July exuberations are but escape-valves for the patriotic emotions of a loyal people.

Our fourth of July celebrations are not indications of weakness; they rather prove a devotion to our country, and evince our gratitude towards the founders of our free Government. They mean more than a waste of gun powder and a foolish display of flags and bunting. Every squib and rocket fired, every drapery of the stars and stripes wafted by the zephyr's of this national holiday are most beautiful reminders of the soul-tried patriotic men and women who sacrificed their all for

the freedom of uncounted future generations. May the memory of those who fought, bled, and died in the achievement of our independence never become dimmed, and may the yet unborn millions to come after us forever call them blessed. The people of this country can well afford to make merry once a year over their blood-bought freedom.

We are a patriotic people, and a display of our patriotism once a year is none too often. But as patriotic as we are as a people, we but poorly realize at what a great cost our independence was purchased by our ancestors. They understood, in every sense, the meaning of the word freedom. They fully comprehended that unless they achieved victory over the armed hosts of the mother country they and their posterity were doomed to be a nation of slaves—ruled by the caprices of a foreign government—as they and their fathers had been. They fought for freedom from the galling yoke of a despotic government and, by the help of a divine Providence, they lifted the yoke and secured the future freedom of this republic. The more than a century which has since elapsed has not only not effaced a nation's memory of their heroism, but has made the mention of their names and deeds sweeter to a grateful people. The bones have bleached on the battle field or their sacred ashes have reposed in the quiet cemetery for ages, but the ever-cherished memory of their deeds of grandeur, self-sacrifice, and loyalty are with us and will remain with us.

Our fourth of July parades, orations, and displays of pyrotechnics are no hollow mockery. Behind all there is a spirit of noble patriotism which has a broader, deeper emotion than the momentary enjoyment of mere display. These outward manifestations of joyous hilarity are but the echo of a deep-rooted patriotism in the hearts of the people. Then let patriotism rejoice and make the most of the day which so vividly associates our memory with those who purchased our country's freedom.

## The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, With its Home for the Aged and Infirm.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR APRIL, 1879.

J. D. Hoffman	\$100.00
J. D. Hoffman	10.00
Cash	25
G. W. Holm	2.00
Miss C. Chapman	5.00
Enter offerings (St. Ann's)	10.00
Service for deaf-mutes, Brooklyn	21
Woodbury G. Langdon	25.00
S. S. Bond	25.00
A. W. Gordon	10.00
Deaf-mute Bible-class, St. Paul's Church, Troy, through Mrs. Gould	11.00
J. T. Smith, Albany	10.00
Offerings, service for deaf-mutes at St. Paul's Church, Albany	8.84
C. H. Lott	2.00
J. T. Smith, Albany	5.00
Mrs. H. C. Falmesbrook	5.00
J. A. C. Jackson	1.00
S. J. Wells	2.00
Mrs. C. W. Wainwright	2.00
M. J. Hall	1.00
C. F. Pond	1.00
D. T. W. Worden	2.00
E. W. Todd	2.00
St. Andrews' Church, Harlem, deaf-mute service	33
St. Andrews' Church, Brooklyn	21
Mrs. W. D. Williams	5.00
A. A. Woodward	1.00
E. F. Schmidt	10.00
D. T. W. Worden	1.00
S. S. Whitman	2.00
Cash and Anonymous	73.00
MAY.	
Mrs. J. L. Morris	25.00
Deaf-mute Bible-class of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, for Home	10.40
Mission box of House of the Good Shepherd, Tompkins' Cove, through Rev. Mr. Gray	5.00
Maiden and Grace Wood	25.00
Christ Church, Williamsburg, deaf-mute service	20
St. Andrews', Harlem	47
Mrs. Belmont	5.00
Mrs. M. S. Whitney	5.00
Valentine G. Hall	5.00
E. N. Taylor	5.00
E. Ridley & Son	5.00
H. J. Scudder	1.00
Mrs. Munroe	1.00
Mr. M. J. Dwyer	1.00
Mrs. Russell	1.00
Torntmann & Co.	5.00
E. S. Baldwin	25.00
St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, deaf-mute service	21
Dr. F. A. B. Barnard	2.00
P. R. Manufacturing Company	5.00
D. B. Eaton	1.00
Mrs. H. A. Vernoy	2.00
Mrs. M. A. Easton	5.00
Miss C. DeLafayette	5.00
Miller & Plinn	2.00
Christ Church, Williamsburg, deaf-mute service	56
Daniel Huntington	25.00
Cash and Anonymous	56.75

## EPISCOPAL SERVICES.

Divine services, with preaching, will be held (D. V.) at Grace (Episcopal) Church in this village, until further notice, every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and 6:30 P. M.

Sunday-school after the morning services.

On every Friday, at 7 o'clock P. M., evening prayers will be offered, and, directly after, the weekly rehearsal of music for the following Sunday.

At these services the Rev. Albert A. Brockway will officiate. "Come together now that Satan tempt you not."—I Cor. vii. 5.

## BEAUTIFUL HARTFORD.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 27, 1879. EDITOR JOURNAL.—This is a very pleasant city in the summer. June is the best time to visit it.

Yesterday was Commencement Day at Trinity College. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's Church, New York, and Dr. Edward Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington,

were here, and it was cheerful to see them. It was a lovely day, not too warm. The new college buildings are very handsome.

The new capitol is much admired, and cost a great sum of money, but the old State House, which has been repainted in beautiful color, is more to my taste. And it appears now like an old friend in improved health and spirits and a new suit.

Our absent friends will do well to come and take a look at the city. We shall be happy to see them.

A. P. L.

## EIGHTH BI-ENNIAL CONVENTION OF THE EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

To Meet at Buffalo, August 27th and 28th, 1879.

THE PROGRAMME.

The convention will convene in St. James' Hall, at 10 o'clock A. M., Wednesday, August 27th. It will be received by a citizens' committee, the Rev. Dr. A. F. Chester, Chairman, making the address.

Then will follow the address of the President of the Association, and the reports of the other officers.

Remarks by distinguished persons will close the morning session.

At two o'clock P. M. the oration will be delivered by Professor Thomas H. Jewell, of New York.

Discussions and remarks will follow. The election of officers will close the afternoon session.

The Rev. Dr. T. Gallaudet will conduct a "combined service" in St. John's Church Wednesday evening at a quarter before eight. Addresses will be interpreted in the sign-language. In the same church, on Thursday morning at 7 o'clock, there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion.

The Tift House, the best in the city, will receive deaf-mutes at \$3 per day. The Washington House, 342, 344, and 346 Washington street, will receive 20 deaf-mutes at \$1.50 a day. There are many other hotels in the vicinity of the hall, easily found, that will charge but \$1.50 a day.

Excursions to Niagara Falls are of daily occurrence, arrangements by rail or boat are soon made, and it is proposed to devote Thursday to an excursion.

This programme may be modified to suit the requirements of the time or the audience.

ALPHONSO JOHNSON, President.

## SHOOTING STARS.

[Copied from the First Book of Natural History by A. Ackerman.]

The luminous appearances known by the name of shooting stars, are frequently seen, but their nature is not well understood. They are supposed to be occasioned by electricity or luminous gas. When they fall they look like stars dropping from the sky, shooting along with great rapidity, and sometimes leaving behind them in the air a brilliant track, which is longer or shorter according as watery vapor abounds in the atmosphere. Sometimes their motion is attended with a hissing sound, and they burst with a loud noise, being occasionally followed by a fall of stones, which are called aerolites. There are, however, several instances on record of these stars falling in showers, the most remarkable of which was seen throughout the United States on the morning of the 13th of November, 1833. The first appearance was that of the most splendid fire works, covering the entire vault of heaven with myriads of fire-balls, resembling sky-rockets. A gentleman in South Carolina thus describes the effect of this unusual appearance upon his ignorant blacks: "I was suddenly awakened by the most distressing cries that ever fell on my ears. Shrieks of horror and cries for mercy I could hear from most of the negroes on three plantations, amounting in all to about six or eight hundred. While earnestly listening for the cause I heard a voice near the door calling my name. I arose and, taking my sword, stood at the door. At this moment I heard the same voice still entreating me to rise, and saying, 'O my God, the world is on fire!' I then opened the door, and it is difficult to say which excited me the most, the awfulness of the scene or the distressed cries of the negroes. Upwards of one hundred lay prostrate on the ground—some speechless, and some with bitter cries—but most with their hands raised, imploring God to save the world and them. The scene was truly awful; for never did rain fall much thicker than the shooting stars full towards the earth; east, north, south, and west it was the same.

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## A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

JULY 6th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 6th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Genesis xliii.

2d Lesson—Acts xiv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourth Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 6th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Genesis xlv.

2d Lesson—2 Timothy and iii, to v. 10.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourth Sunday after Trinity.

Are you troubled with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Constipation, or Derangement of the Kidneys and Bladder, then use Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It will not disappoint you. See Dr. Kennedy's advertisement.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

NINE pupils graduated this year from the Minnesota Institution.

MADISON, Wis., with a population of 16,000, is said to have no deaf-mutes.

Miss Sarah F. Perry, for six years a teacher in the Ohio Institution, died June 2d.

J. E. Tuttle informs us that he sold 2,700 nice panels in nine and a half days in Madison, Wis.

The Texas Mute Reporter reports that there has been more sickness at the Institution than usual at this time of year.

The American Annals for July is at hand and, as usual, is replete with matters of great interest to the deaf and dumb.

PROFESSOR J. R. Dolans, of the Missouri Institution, is happy. Why? A boy that can raise 8 pounds avoirdupois.

J. E. Tuttle has lately been in Brooklyn, Wis. There he saw a deaf-mute named Lockwood, who is a clerk in his father's grocery.

SEAN Franklin, Cheesing, Mich., one of our subscribers, graduated at the Michigan Institution, is a section hand on the Michigan Central Railway, and is doing very well.

Miss C. M. Nelson, sister of W. J. Nelson, of Aurora, N. Y., has returned home from her school in Albany, N. Y., and a visit at home, where she enjoyed herself very much with many deaf-mutes.

The venerable and beloved Mrs. Clerch has been visiting at the asylum to-day. Although now nearly eighty-seven years old (in August next) she is still cheerful and bright and able to give and receive much pleasure in social talk. She will go in a few days to Littlefield, Conn., to spend the remainder of the summer.—Daily News, June 10th.

J. E. Tuttle recently met a deaf-mute cripple at Madison, Wis., by the name of F. Smith, who sells silver-plating and lacquer pencils on the road. He presented to Mr. Tuttle that he sells a large amount of both. He has since gone to St. Paul, Minn. Smith said he had traveled in the South selling his goods. He once went to school at the Ohio Institution.

MISS N. E. Lockwood (post-office address Box 672, Stamford, Conn.) is anxious to leave the present whereabouts of Miss Sarah L. Harper, an English deaf-mute and a graduate of the American Asylum in 1872, who was formerly a resident of Newark, N. J. Any one able to furnish the information will confer a favor by sending it to Miss Lockwood or to this office for publication.

ONE of our lady subscribers, in renewing says: "We have a very interesting and welcome visitor every Thursday. It is the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, which is a valuable paper for deaf-mutes, the best one we have ever taken, as it keeps us well posted in news and about our old friends. I hope that you will be successful with your paper for many years, for we can't live without it."

WILLIAM J. Tervell, of Guelph, Ont., one of our subscribers, is a deaf-mute, has a deaf-mute wife, two deaf-mute sisters, and one deaf-mute brother. One of the children is being educated in Guelph, and one has left that school. Mr. Tervell says he has a trade and gets better wages than he did in the old country, where his father removed from to Canada, and that he owns a beautiful house and garden. We are pleased to hear that he is prospering.

SATURDAY forenoon Mr. Storrs, with four pupils, gave an exhibition of the method and results of deaf-mute instruction before a convention of teachers in the city. The exhibition included the writing of a story from natural signs by two of Miss Storrs' pupils—congenital mutes—in French, which the city dailies spoke of as "wonderful," an explanation of the symbols, diagrams, and other visible illustrations so useful in deaf-mute teaching, and an extended literary recitation by two pupils of the graduating class. The convention passed a vote of hearty thanks for the exhibition.—Daily News, June 10th.

THE class examinations have been progressing this week very pleasantly and very satisfactorily. The weather has been cool and delightful, which was a great relief after the excessively hot weather of last week. Miss Camp's and Mr. Keop's classes were examined on Monday. Mr. Cran's and Mr. Williams' (former) class on Tuesday. Mr. Bell's class on Wednesday, and Mr. Clark's class on Thursday. Chance visitors to the asylum are admitted to these examinations, but the committees are composed wholly of teachers. Among the visitors to-day was Mr. Wilder, who lectured to the pupils upon South Africa a week ago. He has been lecturing in the cities of Hartford, New Britain and New Haven, and has been very successful in interesting people and in assisting himself in his course of theological education.—Daily News, June 10th.

LAST Friday was occupied with the examination of the classes of five years' standing, taught by Miss Kellogg and Miss Sweet. Much interest was felt in the examinations on account of the thorough and careful application of the scientific method in the development of the pupils' language from the beginning of the course, in distinction from the nursery method. The advocates of the scientific method, including the last and the present principal and a large majority of the teachers of the asylum, claim that it is superior to the average pupil an earlier maturity of faculty, and a more thoughtful and exact use of language than any other method. The examination of these two classes strongly confirmed the experience of past years in support of this claim. The almost uniformly correct, if not highly idiomatic language of the thirty-four pupils composing these two classes was quite noticeable.—Daily News, June 10th.

MONDAY evening two very skillful sleight-of-hand performers from Philadelphia, calling themselves the wonderful Guernellas, gave a very interesting entertainment at the chapel of the asylum. The object of Mr. and Mrs. Guernella was to show that the most surprising manifestations of spiritualistic mediums so-called could be given by themselves, without aid from spirits or any one else. The chapel was packed with the pupils and invited visitors from the vicinity. A committee was chosen, consisting of Mr. Rathburn, the well-known city druggist, Mr. Storrs, and one of the pupils named McWilliams, to sit upon the stage and watch the performers. Miss Bartlett kindly volunteered her assistance at the cabinet organ. It would be difficult to describe the apparently impossible performances of Mr. and Mrs. Guernella during the evening, with the committee so placed between them that it was impossible for them to assist each other. Mr. Guernella allowed the committee to tie him as securely as they could, and yet easily and almost instantly freed himself when the lights were extinguished. Bells were rung, garments put on and off, chains and manacles exchanged, and many other apparently impossible things done during the darkness; while, whenever the gas was suddenly relighted, Mr. and Mrs. Guernella were seen to be securely bound or chained. The pupils and all the audience were exceedingly surprised and interested in the performances.—Daily News, June 10th.

A. G. Dewland is a clothing merchant in Columbus, O.

STATE Senator Cochran, of Midland, lately visited the Michigan Institution.

The old chapel of the Illinois Institution is to be converted into six bedrooms.

THE Texas Institution closed June 4th, and the Ranger has suspended until next session.

WITH its 20th of June number the Mirror completed its fifth year and suspended for vacation.

THE apple crop of the Texas Institution has been seriously injured by storms, but there is a good prospect for a crop of grapes.

MISS Hattie Gillett, daughter of Dr. P. G. Gillett, Superintendent of the Illinois Institution, is visiting friends at Davenport, Ia.

WITH its issue of June 21st the Deaf-Mute Record, of the Missouri Institution, suspended for vacation until next September.

ON Friday, June 19th, the annual party of the Missouri Institution pupils occurred. All present enjoyed themselves very much.

MR. Charles Kidder, of Milnet, Ill., was recently a guest of Dr. P. G. Gillett, Superintendent of the Illinois Institution.

MISS Ida Palmer, one of the teachers at the Illinois Institution, is spending the summer with her mother at Milton, N. C.

MISS Cornelia Thack, for over twenty-one years a teacher at the Illinois Institution, has gone to Hartford, Conn., to spend the summer.

THERE are to be three deaf-mute conventions this summer: One at Buffalo, N. Y.; one at Columbus, O., and one to be held in Wisconsin.

EDWIN Southwick, a teacher at the Iowa Institution and brother of John T. Southwick, of Albany, is visiting the latter and his father in that city.

MR. Samuel A. Lewis was lately the guest of Professor Wait at the Illinois Institution. Forty-three years ago he was one of Professor Clerch's pupils at the American Asylum.

TWO of the former pupils of the Illinois Institution have lately become widows: Mrs. Mary Webber, formerly Miss Kepner, and Mrs. Charlotte A. Harkness, formerly Miss Logan.

THE first appropriation of money for educating the deaf and dumb by the Ohio Legislature was in 1828—\$100—towards the support of a school first taught in 1823 in Dr. Amos Wright's house.

EDWARD L. Conger, of North Fairfield, O., in renewing for the JOURNAL, says that he is pleased to see the improved condition of our paper, that he is always glad to get it every week, and that he thinks he will get it as long as he lives.

MRS. G. J. Chandler, of this village, who has been sick since her return from Buffalo, several weeks since, is getting better, is able to get out occasionally, and took a ride one evening last week.

THE attention of our deaf-mute readers, and all others interested, is called to the programme for the convention of the Empire State Deaf-Mute association published elsewhere in this week's paper.

THE board of trustees of this institution, in session June 19th, elected Dr. Thomas Mac Intire, late of the Indiana Institution, as Principal of this institution for the ensuing year. The Indiana politicians have done a good deed for Michigan, and we thank them heartily for giving to us a man who stands in the very front rank of the profession. It is useless for us to comment further upon this acquisition. The profession can readily imagine how we all feel about it.

A few days ago a deaf and dumb person named Townsend was walking on the railroad track in Indiana and was dashed to death by a passing train. It is said that the engineer blew his whistle and did all he could to avert the accident, but in vain. WHEN will the deaf-mutes learn to keep off the railroad track?—Record. (Never. They seem to have a great curiosity to learn how they feel to be mangled to death by a railroad train. They prefer going to glory headless or legless or mangled to death by a railroad train, than to dying natural deaths comforted and surrounded by their kindred and friends. Ed. JOURNAL.)

THOMAS H. Dunlap, of Galesburg, Ill., subscribes for the JOURNAL, and says he is very much pleased with it. Mr. Dunlap's wife was formerly Miss Cornelia Anderson, a pupil of Mr. Van Nostrand's class at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. They were married in 1857, and have eight children, all of whom can hear and speak, and the oldest of whom is 21 years of age—a boy—who owns an interest in a threshing machine and does a large amount of threshing. He will begin to thresh in August. Mrs. Dunlap is a friend of our wife and is one of our classmates.

ROBERT Harkness, of Ackley Iowa, was taken sick on the 10th of last month, and died of typhoid fever and inflammation of the bowels in six days, at the age of forty years, four months and sixteen days. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn their loss. During his sickness two physicians were summoned, but their skill was baffled. While dying he pointed his wife to the room full of angels, and told her that he heard their beautiful voices. Mrs. Harkness was Miss Logan, a former pupil at this institution. Her husband was an industrious and frugal man, and was respected by all who knew him best. Our readers join us in extending our sympathies to the bereaved family.—Adelaco.

WILLIAM Webber, who deserted his wife and children at Walshville, Ill., two years ago, died April 30th, at Springtown, Arkansas, of dropsical consumption, the cause of which was the neglect of taking care of his wet feet while peddling goods in Arkansas. His dying words were: "Death is good to take me away to another place, where there is no suffering." While at Walshville, Ill., at his trade of shoemaking, he was seized by one of his deaf-mute employers telling him that a constable from Vandalia was coming after him for his failure to pay for leather stock, and so he became nervous and ran away, leaving his wife and children in destitute circumstances. This was an unfortunate affair. Mr. Webber should have had the courage to have his affairs adjusted amicably, and might have been a protector to the bereaved family.—Adelaco.

OUR friend J. T. Tillagehat, of New Bedford, Mass., writes: "If your item in regard to Miss Libbie Holmes' recovery from a long illness refers to Mrs. Libbie Holmes, wife of George A. Holmes, of Boston, Mass., it is wrong. She is hourly expected to depart and be at rest. I am momentarily expecting (June 27th) a telegram to that effect." We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Holmes is so dangerously sick. We must inform our friend Tillagehat that this time (although we frequently make mistakes) he is in error. The Miss Holmes referred to is from Oneida county, N. Y., is staying in this village at the house of her grandmother, Mrs. Burroughs Holmes, has been very sick for six or eight weeks, but is now convalescing very fast, and the notice of her sickness has been several times recorded in our local department, which, of course, relates to matters pertaining to this vicinity. We were pleased to hear from friend Tillagehat, and hope to hear from him often.

—There is one thing which you can give to other people and still keep it, and that is your word.

## Local Paragraphs.

Mrs. J. C. Taylor visited friends at Sandy Creek last week.

Our recent showers have saved the street sprinkler much work.

T. W. Skinner has removed his office business to his new building.

Mrs. Davis Everts and children visited friends in Oswego last week.

The hay crop promises to be more than an average crop in this locality.

L. S. Tiffany has lately been having his front piazzas repaired by Brown & Orvis.

Mrs. W. F. Hemenway has returned from Syracuse, where she has been staying since last fall.

Frank Harrison has returned from Hamilton College and Frank Hemenway from Syracuse University.

Farmers are hoeing their corn and potatoes, both of which look promising in spite of worms and bugs.

Miss Helen Tiffany, who has been teaching for the past two years



## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

**EDITOR JOURNAL:**—The college closed its session on the 18th ult. On that day the graduating class received its degrees. James J. Murphy, of Wisconsin, delivered the valedictory address in a very interesting manner. Two pupils belonging to the primary department graduated the same day, namely, Lydia Litner, of Maryland, and a young man, Granguard, from the far South.

Professors Hotchkiss and Denison have gone to the mountains of Tennessee for two months, and with them went John G. Saxton, of New York, for two weeks.

Edward Van Damme, of Michigan, is at present staying in Philadelphia under medical treatment. His left arm, which has been disabled from infancy, is to be operated upon by the ablest surgeons of that city.

Lars M. Larson, of Wisconsin, on the 18th ult., made the fastest time on record in pedestrianism within the college. When he arrived at the depot he put his hand in his pockets for his ticket to Chicago. It was not there. In vain he felt all around him. Thinking it might be in his trunk, he had it opened and searched, but with no better success. At last it occurred to him that he might have left it in his room. No sooner thought of than acted upon, away he started back to the college, at a fast pace, but when his room was reached he paused at the threshold, for he suddenly remembered that he had put the ticket in his valise, which was then at the depot. Hurrying back as fast as his sturdy legs could carry him, he arrived just in time for the train. A few minutes more and he would have been too late. He had gone the distance from the depot to the college and back—three miles—in thirty minutes.

Theodore Kiesel was summoned home by telegraph, a few days before examination, to the death-bed of his mother. He has the entire sympathy of the students in his bereavement. He is now an orphan.

The annual picnic of our Sunday-school took place, in conjunction with that of a Presbyterian church in the city, on the 14th ult., at Mount Vernon. It was an enjoyable affair, the students cutting up more than usual on that occasion. The thing which served to amuse the whole party on board the boat was the act of two students taking ladies to the piano, and keeping accompaniment with their playing by making signs for various instruments of music such as the violin, flute, the drum, etc. They added considerably to the general amusement by clapping their hands in praise of the playing of the ladies. They declared that the deaf-mutes present appreciated the music better than the hearing people on board. The visit to Mount Vernon was made by most of the party on the same old road which had been trodden over by Washington. It would be worth while to describe the old mansion and its grounds, but it would take up too much space.

On Monday, the 16th ult., Professor Draper, one of our tutors, was united in marriage to a highly accomplished hearing young lady of the city. The wedding was private, only friends and relatives of the happy couple having been invited. The graduating class was present by invitation. Professor Hotchkiss acted as the best man. Perhaps Professor Draper will excuse me for mentioning the fact that he had a rival, a young lawyer (hearing), but he won his bride.

The annual prize for the best examination for admission to the freshman class has been discontinued this year for some reason or another. It is said that the gentleman who usually awarded the prize withdrew his money from the bank where it was put at interest two or three years ago. Then the members of the faculty contributed something towards the prize each year since then, but as they had seen the bad effects of the prize upon those who had competed for it and failed, they thought it best to discontinue the custom. The annual heart-burnings may be saved, but still something should be done to encourage the studious and diligent. George T. Dougherty, of '82, would have been entitled to this year's prize if it was awarded.

At the Baltimore convention of the Young Men's Christian Association John A. Prince, of '79, addressed orally the vast audience that was present. He spoke at some length of the good work that had been done in the college. He described the efforts that had been made to keep up the sacred spark of Christianity among the students, and in closing he made the following eloquent remark: "In the next convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, I hope to be able to prove that the Young Men's Christian Association of the National Deaf-Mute College is an important link in the chain of associations that bind these United States with the Canadas." In order to give a general idea of the manner in which we render passages from the Bible, Lars M. Larson, of '82, declaimed in signs the beautiful and tender 23d Psalm. He was called upon again to render the Lord's Prayer in signs. This is the first instance of an association for deaf-mutes being admitted into an association for hearing people. It is a step in the right direction.

A great deal has been written *pro* and *con* on the name of the college since the subject first came up for discussion. While some students and

graduates argued in favor of adopting that of "Gallaudet" there were others who argued that as Amos Kendall had given his name and influence to the project, at a time when the sanction of some well-known man was needed to carry it through Congress, he was fairly entitled to the honor. It must be confessed that the strongest arguments made thus far have been made by those who do not favor a change of name. The strongest of all was the undeniable fact that this is a national college supported by the national Government, and that if once a change was made trouble would arise in Congress upon the subject of appropriations. The change can never be made until the college has an endowment fund of its own and is independent of Congress. Then, and not until then, would it be safe to make the proposed change. The Hartford Institution has a fund by which it is supported and made to rest on a secure basis. Harvard College has money invested in real estate in various parts of Boston and elsewhere. Perhaps in the distant future some rich individual will endow this college with a fund sufficient to render it independent of Congress; and such an individual will earn the life-long gratitude of those who may share the benefits of the college. The next best plan would be to secure an act of legislation of every State in the Union to provide for the higher education of those deaf-mutes who may desire it, at its own expense, in this college. In that letter from "Ex-Student" the shafts of ridicule which the writer aimed at the changelings, as he called those who desired a change of name, were keen and telling. Any one acquainted with the writer can have no difficulty in recognizing him; there is no mistaking the half bantering, half ironical style of the writer from Chicago. But not all his wit and sarcasm can remove the sense of humiliation which most intelligent deaf-mutes feel at being regarded as objects of the pity which the term "deaf and dumb" is likely to arouse in the minds or hearts of other people. Look at the system under which pupils are brought up at an institution; you will find that they, as a rule, with but few exceptions, consider themselves to belong to a class apart from the rest of the world and that they seem to think, like all persons who depend upon others for support, that the world owes them a living, all of which is a result of their deaf and dumb. If, instead of forcing our misfortune upon the attention of the public and reminding ourselves constantly of it, we should go so far as to forget it, all would be the better for it. "What cannot be cured must be endured," certainly, but why should we couple everything that concerns us with the words deaf-mute? If it must be endured, let it be endured in silence. As well might we say Kendall Deaf-Mute Base-Ball Club or Deaf-Mute Literary Society if we must let the world know that we are a distinct body. Not a mile from Kendall Green stands a college for colored young men, and it is named Howard University in honor of General O. O. Howard, the founder. Now, how would it strike us if the university was named "Howard Colored University"? The term "colored" is never used by the students themselves in referring to their university. They know that they are colored, but they endure it in silence. Henry H. Moore, the painter, is so sensitive that he would never allow himself to be praised, or recommended as a deaf-mute. In this he shows but the right spirit. I don't want to be understood as trying to shut my eyes to the plain fact that I am a deaf-mute, but what I object to is the practice of coupling everything that intimately concerns us with the term deaf-mute, as it engenders a dangerous spirit of "clannishness" and tends to widen the distinction between us and the rest of the world.

### STUDENT AT HOME.

#### STANDING BY THE JOURNAL.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., JUNE 24, 1879.

**EDITOR JOURNAL:**—I send you \$1.50 again for my subscription to your paper for another year. Verily, I can not let myself be separated from the valuable paper which has been my favorite friend for three years, and which has been a great benefit to me. The paper has improved greatly since I first subscribed for it. It was too much like a paper written and printed by hearing people at that time, but now it is noticeably one used by the deaf-mutes themselves. It is a favorite and an interesting paper, and I hope it will continue as good as it is at the present time or improve more. The news in regard to the deaf-mutes, which is worthy to be known by the friends and readers of the *JOURNAL*, is by no means duly appreciated by the readers. An absurd idea prevails among some deaf-mutes that the *JOURNAL* is poor, and that some other deaf-mute paper will beat it. What a selfish idea! This absurd idea comes only from the fruits of hasty impulses; the unfolding of sudden thought; the flashing of intuition; the gleaming of fancy, or the selfishness of the heart. In another respect some deaf-mutes may be possessed of jealousy and be ambitious to have the *JOURNAL* thought to be of less merit than some other papers. Well, nothing can be more injurious to the selfish people who speak evil of the *JOURNAL* than this way of thinking, for the truth is that the *JOURNAL* is a success, and the deaf-mutes should contribute to its columns, make them stirring and interesting, and give vent to their noblest expressions. Scenes are constantly passing before our eyes; truth and falsehood walk side by side, and many interesting and instructive incidents might be written by deaf-mutes

for the *JOURNAL*. The prosperity which the *JOURNAL* has attained and now enjoys is mainly due to the instrumental aid and energy of its able editor and several of its readers who have become correspondents and written articles for it. While this continues, the capacity of attaining still higher degrees of prosperity exists.

How should we answer him who has ventured to destroy the glory of our valuable paper, or how should we answer him who fans every kindling flame of local prejudice? Full of gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the time when our cherished paper will stand on a strong and steadfast foundation.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

### REV. DR. GALLAUDET'S AND REV. A. W. MANN'S WESTERN SERVICES.

**DEAR JOURNAL:**—A long ride through the night brought us from Kansas City to St. Louis. We arrived on Saturday morning. The doctor went to the residence of a cousin of Mrs. Gallaudet and the writer to his headquarters at St. Luke's Hospital, corner of Tenth and St. Charles streets.

The following Sunday found us at St. George's Church, at the regular morning service, when the doctor preached for the rector, the Rev. Dr. Holland. After service we dined with him.

A service in signs only was held at three o'clock, at Christ Church, at which two persons received the sacrament of baptism at the hands of Dr. Gallaudet. The attendance of our people (mutes) was about sixty.

In the evening a "special" or "combined service" was held at St. George's Church, with a large attendance of the regular congregation.

The next day we visited the day school under the charge of Mr. D. A. Simpson. It numbered 35 pupils with several more in prospect. Professor Long, assistant superintendent of the city schools of St. Louis, was present and expressed himself as greatly satisfied at the progress of the pupils.

Monday evening found us boarding the train for Indianapolis, which we reached the next morning very early. Retiring for a few hours we obtained some much needed sleep and rest.

After partaking of a late breakfast we started out and called on the Rev. E. A. Bradley, rector of Christ Church. From his house we went to that of Bishop Talbot, and enjoyed a short but pleasant conversation. The bishop is deeply interested in the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. We then visited the institution. We found Dr. MacIntire making preparation to vacate the office of superintendent, which he had filled for twenty-six years. We did not meet the new superintendent, as he had not yet arrived. Before service we called on several of the teachers, living in the vicinity of the institution, making the last call at Mr. Vail's, where we took tea. Many of the older pupils attended the service. Bishop Talbot was present, and made a brief address.

Early the next morning found us en route to Cleveland, which we reached early in the afternoon. Before the service at Trinity Church the Doctor called on some friends. Several of the city clergy were present at this service. Bishop Bodell was unable to be with us, owing to engagements.

The next service was to be held at Akron, O., the next day. Akron is about forty miles from Cleveland. There was an addition to the party of missionaries in the person of Mrs. Mann, who accompanied us as far as Meadville. The Rev. Mr. Ganter, the rector, read the evening service, which was interpreted by Dr. Gallaudet for the dozen mutes present. All were greatly interested.

An accident of some kind delayed our train the next day. Your readers, many of them, know how wearisome it is to wait for a train. Everything about a railway station wears a stereotyped look, with nothing to make the weary hours pass lightly. At last the train came. Belated trains run very fast sometimes to make up lost time; so did ours. We reached Meadville early in the afternoon. The Rev. Mr. Carstenen was at the station to meet us. We went to his house.

It was Decoration Day. Flags waved everywhere. People from the country dressed in holiday attire were promenading the principal streets. Soldiers with music were the principal attraction. All of these demonstrations were the outcome of a deep sentiment which rested in grateful and patriotic hearts. This was shown in the decoration with flowers and flags of the graves of fallen men who died in the defence of the Union. They are not forgotten.

Dr. Gallaudet took the train some hours after the service and reached New York the next night. The writer and Mrs. Mann remained with the rector till the next day and then returned home.

A. W. MANN.

### MAXIMS FOR A YOUNG MAN.

Never be idle. If your hands can not usefully be employed, attend to your mind.

Always speak the truth. Keep good company or none. Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets if you have any.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Never listen to loose or idle conversation.

Save when you are young, spend when you are old.

## A FAIR AND FESTIVAL.

**MR. EDITOR:**—A fair and festival was held in the Park Congregational Church in the evening of the 25th inst. under the direction of Mr. H. V. Edmond, the friend and Sunday school teacher of the deaf and dumb. Quite a number of deaf-mutes availed themselves of the occasion. A respectable delegation of mutes from Hartford and surrounding towns was heartily welcomed.

The weather in the afternoon and evening indicated rain, but the occasion was to come off rain or shine. Some rain had fallen, and only enough to keep the streets free of dust.

The chapel was tastefully arranged. In one corner was a throne which a crown surmounted. On one of the walks was hung a motto reading in large letters "Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing." The tables were loaded with sugar-coated cakes of all descriptions, and beautiful bouquets of flowers were tastefully arranged. On one of the tables were articles made and furnished by deaf-mutes, showing strongly their interest in the fair and also their industry. In connection with the fair was an exhibition of the deaf and dumb showing the art of teaching. One of the most wonderful branches of art was the facial alphabet, in which words were expressed by the various motions of the face without the use of the fingers or hands.

Busy children were running about selling catalogues to the Art Gallery at one penny a piece. There were present about fifty deaf-mutes, from the gray-headed sire down to the child of six or seven summers. While mingling with the crowd of spectators, a most amusing incident occurred. A lady conversant with the language of the deaf and dumb to a considerable degree introduced herself to a gentleman well versed in the language of the deaf and dumb. The gentleman, believing the lady to be deaf, asked her with his fingers what her name was, and then by signs he put the foregoing of his right hand to his ear and mouth and pointed toward the lady reading thus, "deaf dumb you!" The mistake was soon discovered and the parties had to laugh in their sleeves. Each one knew the other before, and they both could hear and speak, but on this occasion they were so much mixed with the deaf and dumb that they forgot themselves. Mr. Bartlett, one of the oldest teachers of deaf-mutes, tendered his assistance in the exhibition, which made the occasion of more than common interest as he could explain the way and the progress of teaching the deaf and dumb.

The fair and festival were fairly patronized. Had it not been for the exhibition or Presentation Day of the Free Academy the chapel might have been crowded. There were, however, several distinguished persons who seemed to take an interest in the exhibition.

The following day a large number of deaf-mutes, with friends, boarded the steamer Ella for Watch Hill. Capt. Walker furnished us with every convenience for the excursion. He had a son among the silent assembly who then acted as his clerk. Fred is a fine looking man and always ready to entertain his friends among the masts. The trip down the Thames river was very pleasant; parlors were not in requisition as the clouds served as a canopy for us against the burning rays of Sol. Mr. Edmond made the occasion pleasant by relating the incidents of Indian battles, and marking the places where they occurred about a hundred and thirty years ago.

Arriving at Watch Hill, the deaf-mutes betook themselves to the hotel nearest, where they disarmed themselves of their burden. Then they went in parties along the shore in search of shells and pebbles. Often the waves touched the soles of their feet as they were innocently pursuing their way. Some of the strolling party proceeded as far as the light house where the waves beat and break on the strong shore. Sometimes the waves roll gently and spread a few rods from us, then come a fifth or sixth wave and throw the water up above the standing margin. One of the party got well drenched as he was so much interested in the colored stones along shore and no warning was given for him to flee. The walk along shore and the pure sea air had sharpened our appetites, so at the regular dinner hour we did full justice to the eatables set before us.

Dinner over we enjoyed ourselves in the several muscular exercises found along shore—gentlemen and ladies taking part.

The hour came for us to leave. All on board, the Ella whistled her departure and we assembled in groups for a chat. As we reached the headquarters of the Yale Boat Club we saw one boat pushed off, and noticed the regular strokes of the oarsmen as their boat cut through the water. The Ella reached her Norwich landing in good time, and the excursion was altogether very pleasant.

We are much obliged to Capt. Walker for so pleasantly entertaining us, and the presence of Mrs. Walker made the occasion more pleasant. They should feel duly proud of their son Fred, who so kindly entertained us and acted as clerk on board.

W. H. WEEKS.

**REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.**

July 6, Pittsburg, Pa.  
" 9, Jackson, Mich.  
" 10, Grand Rapids, " "  
" 11, Flint, " "  
" 13, Detroit, " "  
" 18, Indianapolis, Ind.  
" 20, St. Louis, Mo.

Other appointments will be made later on.

## NOTES FROM PROF. JOE TURNER.

WILMINGTON, N. C., JUNE 26, 1879.

**MY DEAR MR. RIDER:**—You do not know how busy I have been since my last letter was written at Savannah, Ga. I should have met my appointment for that fine city Sunday before last, the 15th inst., but it was so hot that I could not do anything. I was, therefore, advised to wait until next winter. The Rev. Mr. Boone said as follows: "Please do not misunderstand. The winter is the time in the South when we are having full services and would be most glad to have the change and the new interest which such a service would give." In Savannah most of the churches have but one service Sundays during the hot weather.

On Monday morning, the 16th inst., I started from that place for Charleston, S. C., which city I reached about dark. I saw several fine rice plantations from the cars, and a gentleman told me that they were under water until harvested.

On Tuesday, the 17th inst., I rested most of the day at a private house, to which I have a standing invitation to resort when I come to Charleston on visitations. I was then almost broken down by three months' hard work, but was all right the next morning. I took a twilight promenade upon the Battery, from which can be seen the celebrated Fort Sumter.

On Wednesday, the 18th inst., I went about twenty-five miles, to Summerville, S. C., by railroad, to see Bishop Howe, of the Diocese of South Carolina, and found him a highly cultivated Christian gentleman. He encouraged me very much by telling me that he would do all he could to promote the work which I am engaged in. Truly he is interested in the spiritual condition of deaf-mutes. He said he had an ignorant deaf-mute colored woman in his neighborhood. I did not see her because she could not be found.

On Thursday, the 19th inst., I went thirty miles, in a little steamer, to John's Island, one of the celebrated sea islands, to pay an old regular visitation to three isolated deaf-mutes, Mr. Mrs., and Miss Jenkins. Bishop Howe says that they are cut off from the world; that is they do not get news as quickly as we do on the mainland. I held divine services and had prayers with them until last Tuesday, the 24th inst., when I bade good-bye to them and took the same boat for Charleston, S. C.

During my sojourn on the island, I was told a fact which amused me very much. While I was conversing with a lady during the night, she told me that she could hear the negroes sing and dance instead of having regular services as we have. They are in the habit of singing and dancing all night, and say that they believe that Jesus Christ was a black man. What a strange idea they have. A good colored preacher, who is a warm friend to me and my work, and who carried me about eight miles to a ferry-boat for nothing, often addresses those benighted colored people, telling them that they have as short minds as their woolly hair, and that the whites are wiser than they because their fine hair is much longer than theirs. The colored preacher often scolds them for their strange ideas. He often visits the white people when they are sick, and knelt at their beds to pray for their recovery or glory in heaven. All that those superstitious people need most are regularly licensed pastors of their color. Another colored minister, not so smart as my colored friend is, one day preached to a negro audience somewhere in South Carolina, and told them that Adam and Eve were both black, but that they became white in consequence of their disobedience to God, and that they became smarter than they used to be.

On the night of the 24th inst., the same day that I left John's Island, I took the cars for this place. While on board the train a fellow passenger came to me and asked me, by spelling on his fingers, if I knew Mr. Lucius Tift, of Albany, Ga. I replied that I did not. I asked him whether Mr. Tift was living, and where he was educated. He answered that he had been dead four years, and that he was instructed at one of the northern institutions. He said he did not remember the name of the school. He said Mr. Tift died a poor man and that his brother, Hon. Nelson Tift, once a member of congress, is now living in Albany, and is a wealthy man. He lives a retired life on account of advanced age. The gentleman gave me his address as Dr. Macon, Whiteville, N. C., and told me that he would always be glad to welcome me to his house. He can spell on his fingers well and fast. He got off at Whitesville, forty-five miles south of this place, on the Charleston and Wilmington Railroad.

During my very short stay in Charleston, S. C., I got a good mail which had awaited my return from the island about three days. In the mail was found a very affectionate letter from my son Charles. The same mail gave me a good postal card from my venerable friend Mr. Thomas Brown, who said that he was expecting his son Lewis from Michigan, and another from my good friend Mr. Thomas N. Head, of Hooksett, N. H., giving me a cordial welcome to his house during divine services there. I must not omit to say that his cousin is Governor Head, of New Hampshire. I also got one from Mr. V. B. Wright, of Nashville, N. H., in which he spoke kindly of my mission work in the South.

On the morning of the 25th inst. I arrived here, and am staying with a gentleman whose uncle was Chief Justice Marshall, of the United States Supreme Court. I have had the pleasure of meeting many of the Chief Justice's relatives in Virginia.

Last night a service was held in St. James' Church by the Rev. Dr. Watson, the rector, the Rev. Mr. Ambler, and the writer. A deaf-mute, Mrs. Julia Capps, once an inmate of the North Carolina Institution, was present, and said she enjoyed the services very much because she had not heard the word of God preached in the sign language for a long time.

I learned from this morning's paper that Trinity College, Raleigh, N. C., last Monday conferred the degree of A. M., on Mr. David C. Dudley, Principal of the Kentucky Deaf-Mute Institution. I congratulate him on this honor.

On my arrival here I got a postal from my old pupil Mr. Thomas H. Tillinghast, one of the teachers in the North Carolina Institution, informing me that the closing exercises of the institution were held on the 11th inst., and that he and his wife and child were going to Western North Carolina and his brother, David, to Fayetteville.

Some days since I received a letter from Mr. Daniel P. Marcy, of New Orleans, in which he said that he and his wife were uneasy about their only daughter, who was so nervous that she could not use her left arm or hand well. He said some one must have frightened her terribly to produce such an effect upon her nerves. I would advise his Christian friends to pray for her recovery. In his letter he says that he passed General Bearegard, of Manassas fame, a few days after I left New Orleans. His hair and moustache are quite gray, but his form is quite robust and muscular yet, and his step as elastic as of yore. He was the best gymnast in New Orleans in his time.

I am going to Petersburg, Va., tomorrow morning to meet my appointment next Sunday. I feel thankful to God that he has so kindly permitted me to meet all my appointments, except one, promptly. I have just had to revoke my appointments for Goldsboro and Annapolis for want of time. I have been about three months on this trip. I shall not write to you again till I reach Rappahannock, Va., at which place I shall get off next Wednesday, July 2d for three days' rest. In the meantime I shall make several stoppages on the way.

I must not close this without saying that I have called to see Secretary Everts' niece, Mrs. Dr. King, this afternoon. She told me that her deaf and dumb sister, Miss Neilson, left here a few weeks ago. She is now at Trenton Falls, N. Y., where she expects to spend the summer.

Yours sincerely,  
JOE TURNER.

**OUR CHICAGO LETTER.**

**EDITOR JOURNAL:**—In looking over the register of the Grand Pacific Hotel, a couple of weeks ago, I lit upon the name of Mr. Wm. DeMotte, of Delavan, Wis. As the clerk informed me that he had gone forth on the preceding day, I wasn't able to discover what business he had in our quiet little village.

Mr. James Gallagher has lately added himself to our deaf-mute population. He did not come here to teach, as was rumored, but to stick to—merely this and nothing more. He has a situation in his line, and is struggling along on the road to wealth. Ditto may be said of Mr. Frank Luttrell, of Cario, Ill., who turned up within our placid precincts a short time ago and captured a case on the Chicago Times.

It may interest some people to know that he was employed on a Cario paper during the yellow fever rampage of last year, and that he was the only printer out of five that escaped with his life. And even he only squeezed through by the skin of his teeth. He thinks Chicago is an interesting city, but not quite as large as St. Louis.

School is out at Jacksonville and the chickens have come home to roost; plenty of them hereabouts!

Chester Codman got home from college right side up the other day. He says he will wait till he has a toothache before fooling with any more nitrous oxide or some of that stuff which "Student" calls laughing gas.

Quite a number of college boys stopped in Chicago last week to distribute themselves through the West and Northwest for their vacation. One of them, Mr. Harry Reed, of Menasha, Wis., formed the advance guard of the column of young men going west. He spent an afternoon with me before proceeding on his homeward march. He had arranged to meet Mr. Murphy, one of the new-fledged alumni, in Milwaukee.

Messrs. Smith, of Minnesota, and Nelson, of Iowa, were present at the service which A. W. Mann conducted in St. James' Church last Sunday. Mr. Smith is a smart-looking little fellow. He has just been admitted to the freshman class. He has the material by which he is bound to distinguish himself. After the service was over Mr. Codman took the boys in hand to introduce them to the glories of Lincoln Park. There was a large attendance at Mr. Mann's services, composed principally of Dr. Gillett's pupils.

The latest rumor afloat here is that the irrepressible E. N. Bowes is maneuvering to establish another deaf-mute society in this city. How much truth there is in this, or what prospect of success the movement has, is more than I have yet found out.

Another rumor is to the effect that a couple of mutes in this city will shortly evacuate the realms of "single cussidness." I will send further particulars when they arrive.

The very latest arrival is Mr. Henry Baman. He was formerly a typesetter on a country paper, but he has just secured a situation as a tinner in the same place where Johnny Heinlein works.

The mutes of Chicago have a curious tendency to huddle together in the same place when they obtain employment. At one time there were six deaf-mute cobblers pegging away in Mr. George Congdon's shop. The other trades have mutes working together. It seems that when one deaf-mute succeeds in working himself into a place he obtains an opportunity to demonstrate his ability and secure the confidence of his employers, and he thus paves the way for other deaf-mutes who could get no employment anywhere else. This is a pretty broad hint to deaf-mutes who have the good fortune to secure employment, and who are willing to do good to their fellow mutes, that they should be faithful in the performance of duty and be honorable in all their dealings with their employers and their fellow-men. People see comparatively few of our class, and they are apt to content themselves with a rough estimate of our value to society in general gleaned from their observation of the conduct of a few specimens. If those specimens happen to be shiftless, dishonest, and profligate all of us or the majority of us are reckoned as little if any better.

That extensively known individual named Walter Edwards, who turned up in this city some three or four months ago and secured work on the *Times* and had an opportunity to obtain steady and profitable employment if he wished, suddenly conceived the idea of getting rid of Chicago dust on his feet and "vamooseing" to parts unknown; why and wherefore is what "no fellow" can find out.

Prof. D. H. Carroll, of the Minnesota Institution and of the class of '73 of the National Deaf-Mute College, called on Prof. Emery's day school with his wife a few days ago. Mr. Carroll was on his way to visit his father in Ohio.

Yours truly,  
D. W. GEORGE.  
Chicago, Ill., June 28, 1879.

**EDUCATION.**

Education is our own work! How pleasant it is to look for education, and how beautiful it is to acquire it! The sum of work done by a person is not measured by the number of seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, or years; but it not only depends upon earnestness, but upon patience and perseverance, by which we can conquer all difficulties. Often much is accomplished in a short time, but frequently only a little or nothing is accomplished in a long time. We must have patience and perseverance in acquiring an education. How happy is a man when he has a good education. He is inexpressibly happy; for, first, a good education answers his exigency in a trade or profession; secondly, it fits him for respectability and usefulness; thirdly, he can reflect on whatever he wishes to understand or invent, and read, write books, etc.; fourthly he takes a deep interest in pursuing a course of study, and keep his attention upon learning, of which there is never an end, and, lastly, above all, he will be most happy to see that he has fulfilled the duties of his life when he leaves this cradle of his being for an eternal existence beyond the grave. An essential element of success in every undertaking is expressed by patience and perseverance together with energy. So it is with education, which is not very easy to acquire at the first trial.

Is the mind placed in a human being to be good for nothing? No, indeed; but it is to be educated for a higher existence. Should we let our minds go on undisciplined? No; we must all discipline our minds to fit ourselves for social conversation, respectability, usefulness, and responsibilities, which may fall upon us at some future time.

The first object of education is to discipline the mind; to fit it for learning, and to control it to be attentive to a course of mental discipline and perfection; that is to store it with knowledge by study and exercise, and to keep in memory what it has acquired. Nothing is so much coveted by a young student as the reputation of being a man of great knowledge. So let him reflect that this is the time to begin a course of mental discipline which will exalt him in the esteem of men.

It is a law of our nature to desire a good education. This desire is, however, not universally observed, for many people diligently push their researches into new fields of education, while others have no taste or desire for this mental pursuit. Those who pursue education will, of course, find it very advantageous to them in due time. Who can say that education is of no service to the world? No person, excluding those who are too ignorant of the need of education, can say so, because people know that it is natural and necessary in the world. All that we know must be the result of education. Education is one of the most valuable gifts to man. Remember that an individual has different tastes at various periods of his life, and, in the course of nature, his tastes in pursuing the way to acquire an education will differ as he grows older.

Let us praise and thank God for furnishing us with minds so that we may get a good education.

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**ADVICE TO THE DRESSMAKERS.**—Be sure you are right, then go ahead.



